

Poet's Corner.

THE NEW DEPARTURE.

For put his foot down firm at last:
"I intend an innovation."
Extravagance, with me, is past;
Just a series of vexation!"
He continued—
"The fifty here; a hundred there;
The asking never ceases;
With all my spending, I declare
That nothing ever pleases!"
I stood appalled. "No, papa, no!
You only mean to tease me!"
He frowned, turned on his heel to go;
And leave me so uneasy!
I roared, and cried, and joked—in fits
Tried every art worth knowing;
But Pop fought stubborn on "this line"
Till things were serious growing.
So I boldly asked him, yesterday,
"Pop, what's your first intention?"
He raised his eyes to dryly say—
"A spell of home invention!"
I thoughtless screamed, "You horrid man!"
And dropped, through sheer exhaustion—
The way Pop plied the palm-leaf fan,
Believe it was a caution!
He dashed cold water in my face;
Called Mother and Aunt Jennie,
And broke a lovely antique vase,
That cost a precious penny!
But as my glance softly sought his
I murmured, "Papa, darling,"
He whispered—bless his dear old phiz—
"Pet shall have every farthing!"
Orange. H. C. C.

Cricket on the Hearty.

A CHRISTMAS LEGEND.

HAVE you ever heard the legend of the angel who came to this earth one joyous Christmas time, to see who, of all the cheerful givers, had remembered the Christ-child, and if, among all the gifts, there were any for the beautiful Babe that once slept in the manger in Bethlehem?

It was not long ago. The happiest time of all the year had come again, and everybody was busy as could be, for the morrow was Christmas Day. It was at sunset. The pearly gates of Heaven opened, and forth from the golden city, in flowing garments of purest white, the angel came. In his hands he bore sweet flowers of Paradise.

The radiance falling through the arched portals filled the whole sky, and men paused to watch the glowing west and said, "What a brilliant sunset we have tonight!" The little children clapped their hands and cried, "Oh! the sun, too, is glad it is Christmas time, and he is saying, 'Good night' to us in his very loveliest way, before he hides his face behind the mountains."

The angel followed the beaming pathway of light, through the crimson clouds with purple fringes, that, like rainbow-tinted islands, floated in a sea of molten gold; and he reached the earth as twilight drew her veil of grey over all below.

In the shadows of the dusk, he entered within the walls of an old city. The long, narrow streets were filled with busy crowds of men and women who pushed their way hither and thither among the jostling carts and coaches.

With calm brow and pitying smile, the angel passed unseen through their midst, and whenever he met any who were sad, or troubled, or in doubt, he placed one of his flowers in their hands or on their bosoms, although they knew it not. Sometimes it was a tiny bud, sometimes one half open, or again a full blown fragrant blossom. All received what they most needed—faith, or hope, or love, and felt their hearts grow lighter.

In the centre of the city was a large public square. All around it were fine buildings and stores, whose windows were ablaze with light, and filled with all manner of gay and costly things. Along the walls were piles of evergreen trees, and garlands, and wreaths of laurel with their bright red berries.

At one corner, where two of the widest streets met, sat a blind beggar, old and helpless, living only by the charity of others. He had a small good face, though wrinkled with age, and with his indelible lines, had furrowed it deeply, and beneath his worn hat the grey locks told of old age. The little wooden box beside him was almost full with the pence dropped by those whose hearts stirred in sympathy for him; but now, as it was getting late, the eager throngs hurried past him, all intent on their own errands. Some few, indeed, bowed or spoke kindly to the old man, for almost everyone knew "Poor Fritz," as he was called.

Soon, with quick step, a young girl approached, and going up to him, said, "I'm here at last, are you ready?" "Yes," he answered, "but you are earlier than usual." "Perhaps a little. It is Christmas Eve, you know."

He rose slowly, and handing her his box, said, "Ah! Gretchen, folks have been very kind to-day to the old beggar." "And why should they not be?" she answered: "The rich have plenty to spare. It will not hurt them once in a year to give a bit from their well-filled purses. But, come, let us hurry on."

Then wrapping her shawl more closely around her, she took the old man's hand and commenced leading him gently along.

The angel had been standing near them, and now following, watched the two as they wound their way to a quiet part of the city.

The girl had a pleasant face, and guarded her aged companion carefully from the

rude crowd. She was his only friend, and very poor, so that all she could do for him was to lead him every morning to his place at the corner, and again at night to his lodging.

They walked silently on for awhile, until Gretchen, counting the money he had received, said, "Ah! here are two silver pieces; they will get you a nice supper to-night." "Yes," answered the blind beggar, "I heard their ring when they fell among the coppers, but," he added, shaking his head, "they are not for me to keep; they are for a Christmas gift to a friend."

"I am your only friend," said the girl, "and I will not take them."

"No," said the old man, "they are for the Christ-child." "And will you be so foolish?" cried the girl, "when you need so many things. Let those who have more than they want, give; but you can ill afford to lose so much."

"Hush!" he said. "Do you forget the One whose coming the morrow celebrates? Can you forget Him who had no where to lay His head, and gave Himself, so long ago, for the whole world. You shall yourself lead me to the high altar in the old cathedral, where I will lay them for His sake." To this she answered nothing; and soon they came to the great church, whose tower rose high above the city, and could be seen by the ships as they sailed into the distant harbor.

Within all was light and beauty. The pillars and arches, the chancel and rich paintings had been wreathed and trimmed with Christmas greens. It was just before the time for vespers, and into the stillness and warmth the two entered. From their niches, the calm faces of the saints looked down as if in blessing. Hand in hand they walked softly up the broad aisle. The old man could not see the loveliness around him, but in his soul there must have been a fair sight, for, with a beaming countenance and happy heart, he laid his two silver pieces down beneath the crucifix, before which the many tapers burned.

Full of love was the angel's glance as it rested upon them; and he alone saw the young girl stretch out her thin hand also and place beside the old man's gift part of her own scanty earnings. As they turned away, from her lonely heart, moved by the beautiful scene, there rose repentant tears. The angel, holding forth one of her immortal flowers, caught the tears as they fell from her downcast eyes, in its pure chalice, that he might bear them back with him to the Father as a prayer for mercy.

Very slowly the two went out, and again in the cold darkness were treading their way. The angel, with a benediction of peace, left them, and passing through the stern gates of the convent, that stood in the shadow of the church, entered with him in the solemn cloisters. In the chapel the nuns had been chanting their Christmas hymns; but now, with silent steps, went each to her cell. One among them lingered after they all had left. She was a Sister of Charity, and spent her days in caring for the poor and sick, who had learned to love her sad, pale face, and to wait eagerly for her coming. Now, besides her daily duties, she had toiled early and late that she might earn enough to buy a wreath, with which to deck the head of the Holy Infant in the Virgin Mother's arms. She had walked many miles that day in order to get the flowers and had waited to place them where she wished, hoping thus to gain His favor. Slowly she came near to the shrine, and, with uplifted eyes, gently laid the chaplet on the sacred brow. It was of pure white lilies; and could a crown more fitting have been found to rest upon the head of One so pure? Then long in prayer, she knelt before the altar, while the angel, bowing at her side, whispered words of hope and love to her lonely heart.

When she rose and left the silent chapel, her soul was full of peace and joy. The angel breathed upon the fair flowers, that for many days they might keep their freshness and fragrance; then took his way to the dwellings of the rich. Many gay and merry scenes he saw, for all were glad and happy that this festive time again had come. Fine and costly were the presents that had been prepared, and all that heart could wish, or money buy, hung on the glittering Christmas trees or waited to be distributed when the morrow came. But few among those who lavished their wealth upon themselves thought of the greatest of all gifts, or of His children who suffered from want and cold.

The angel, seeing his presence was not needed, turned to a quiet by-street and entered a cottage there. In a pleasant room he saw a little boy asleep. Over his head hung the tiny stocking filled with all that could delight his childish heart. Beside it stood a small ship that he himself had carved with busy fingers, and on a slip of paper had printed, in his earliest trust—"For the dear Christ-child who loved little Carl." At his mother's knee he had heard the "old, old story," and with simple faith had "done all he could."

The moonlight, streaming through the half-drawn curtains, rested upon his lovely form. One little hand was pressed beneath his rosy cheek, and the tangled golden curls lay loosely around the smiling face. The angel, bending low, printed a kiss of love upon the innocent brow. Sweet trust had been the dreams and the visions of his mind, for on the morrow the little one told his mother that in the night the Christ-child came to him and said, "Thank you, little Carl, but I will let you keep your gift to me, that you may think of me very often."

Now the great bells in the high steeples pealed forth the hour of midnight, and with joyful tones rang in the Christmas morn.

The angel, after visiting many other homes, took his flight back to the Heavenly City. Through the silent, shining stars, he winged his upward way, and passing again through the pearly gates, presented himself before the Throne.

Far below, the earth lay wrapped in her mantle of snow, awaiting the coming of the dawn.

Behind the western mountains the moon was slowly sinking, while low down in the east, a few faint streaks of red told of the approach of day.

Before Christmas time came again, the old blind beggar received his sight in another and a better world, and the weary Sister of Charity also found a home of rest and a crown of immortelles prepared for her.

It is only a simple little legend, still I feel it has a hidden truth.

Oh! if our spiritual eyes could but be opened, even for one moment, think you not we should see the beautiful angels around us—messengers of love sent to minister to our souls? Have you never felt their blessed presence, saying to your trembling heart, "Fear not," as they said to the shepherds watching their flocks on that night so long ago?

Were it not for a higher power than any earth can boast, we would not pass thus unharmed amidst the many dangers that surround us.

But the Father sends his guardian spirits that they may shield and protect us as we journey, and strew around our pathway their living flowers of faith and love.

Then let us lift our grateful hymns, this joyous Christmas time, with hearts more thankful than before, for His patient, watchful care, and for the "tidings of great joy;" with glad voices let us join the chorus that floats upward to His listening ear.

The song of the Judean Host will never die. The mighty anthem shall roll through all ages until its triumphant waves break on the shores of Eternity.

And the angels in the highest Heaven, in their rapture, shout aloud, and the whole universe sends answer back—
"Glory to God in the highest, Peace on earth, good will to men." M. D. B.

THE SONG OF THE SNOW-FLAKES.

WHAT do the little snowflakes say,
As you see them falling at the dawn of day?
They say, "I am gay, and joyous, and free,
And just as happy as happy can be;
I will skip, and jump, and bound, and fly,
And you'll see me dance as I come from the sky.
My secret I'll tell; I'm on a mission of love,
And am sent to you there by the great God above."

Or many a twig I'll build me a tower,
And near by the trunk will nestle a lover,
Around the dear cot that was tumbled and old,
We'll pack the snow tight and keep out the cold.
I wonder if those who are sheltered within,
Have been taught of the Lord who frees us from sin,
And say, that "his right, whether rain, cold, or snow,
For it is our kind Father who orders it so." J. Moll.

After Dinner.

"Is that marble?" said a gentleman, pointing to the bust of Kentucky's great statesman. "No, sir; that's Clay," quietly replied the dealer.

An editor thus introduces some verses: "The poem published this week was composed by a friend who has lain in his grave many years for his own amusement."

It is said that saddest pills would prove a specific for many diseases if one condition were strictly observed. That condition is, that the patient should make his own sawdust.

An old lady, who was sharply questioned the other day in court by an angry lawyer, remarked, on leaving the witness-stand, that she now understood what it meant by a cross-examination.

A distinguished clergyman in Boston performed the marriage ceremony, and the couple walked away, without bestowing any fee. But the bride turned and said—"We are very much obliged to you, sir, and I hope one of these days we shall be able to retaliate."

THE TOMMORROW RIVER.—A dispatch, some years ago, from Secretary of the Navy to an Agent in Alabama, inquired—"Dear Sir, Please inform this department by return of mail, how far the Tommorrow river runs up."

The answer returned, and read as follows: "Dear Sir, In reply to your inquiry, I have the honor to say, that the Tommorrow river don't run up at all."

KEEP UP YOUR STROKE.—The public know when an advertiser is timid and half-hearted, and when he means business, and believes in himself and his goods, and it will act accordingly. Many an advertiser misses a near-at-hand success by quitting too soon. The public won't rush in and buy you out the first day; it has other things to think of. Some will read your announcement and buy at once; others will glance at it one week, read it the next, and buy the third; they will be haunted by it till they are, at last, obliged to look you up to ease their minds, and you are meanwhile making your name and business familiar to thousands who will come to you some time. Pay no attention to a silly notion, encouraged chiefly by people who have got to be prosperous, that it is not quite the proper thing to push your business through the newspapers. It is

just as legitimate as putting up a sign over your door, and far more modest than sending out drummers to worry people into trading with you, for your newspaper advertisement addresses no one in particular, and whoever buys your goods in consequence of it really does so without your asking.

New York.

DODD & MEAD
Offer an elegant assortment of
ILLUSTRATED,
STANDARD, AND
377 ENCLE BOOKS.

FOR PRESENTS.
Orders by mail will receive careful and prompt attention.
DODD & MEAD,
752 Broadway,
near 9th street.

HOME COMFORT.

UNION STEAM & WATER HEATING APPARATUS.
The Best and Simplest Steam Heater in use.
FOR ALL CLASSES OF BUILDINGS.

ANGELL & ATWATER,
43 Duane St., N. Y. City.

We can refer with confidence to several gentlemen in Bloomfield and Montclair whose houses are furnished with our apparatus.
PERFECT SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
Mr. Wm. F. Lyon, editor of the GAZETTE, will permit the one in his home to be inspected.
House Heating is our specialty.

ANGELL & ATWATER,
43 Duane St., N. Y. City.

WARREN'S PATENT COOKER.

Invention of
CAPT. F. P. WARREN, ROYAL NAUTICAL
PERFECT COOKING.

ABSOLUTE ECONOMY.

Send for Pamphlet, embracing testimonials from
Blanch Clark, of Rhode Island; Major-General M. C. Meigs, Quartermaster-General U. S. Army, Washington, D. C.; and others, with full description, receipts for cooking, price, &c. Salesroom, 340 Broadway.



Price, \$6, \$9, \$11, and \$12.50, according to size.
P. O. Box 3,051, New York.
3m

JOSEPH MORTON.

Importer of
FINE CROCKERY, GLASS, CHINA TOYS, FANCY
GOODS, CUTLERY, LAMPS, SILVER-
PLATED WARE, ETC., ETC.

Invites the Public for the coming holidays to examine his fine assortment of French China, plates and decorated, Dinner, Tea and Toilet Sets, China Toys and Fancy Goods. Bique Figures, etc., at Manufacturers' prices.

STORES.
231 and 233 Greenwich, bet. Barclay.
843 Broadway, opp. Wallack's.
361 6th Ave. bet. 21st and 22d streets.
NEW YORK.

PELOUBET, PELTON & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF
STANDARD ORGANS.



Warehouses,
81 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

These Organs contain every valuable improvement known, and have been awarded the Highest Premiums, as the best Cabinet Organs, over the last makers at the Fair of the American Institute, New York, and at numerous State and County Fairs. For further particulars, call at the Manufactories, or address

PELOUBET, PELTON & CO.,
81 Broadway, New York.

THE PEOPLE'S FAVORITE FAMILY PAPER IS

THE METHODIST.

An independent, wide-awake, handsomely printed, well-arranged, story edited, high-toned weekly, devoted to the circulation of

PURE, GOOD, WHOLESOME, AND ATTRACTIVE READING.

The corps of editors and contributors is second to none, and no expense is spared to make it in every respect

A LIVE PAPER.

complete in every department.

By special arrangement, there will appear each week, A LITERARY-ROOM TALK BY BUCKNER, and a WEEKLY ARTICLE BY TALKER, the wonderful poet, and a CORRESPONDENT OF WARREN, and 25 Pictures of the M. E. Church, PRESENTED TO EVERY SUBSCRIBER FOR LIFE.

For 10 years for Clubbing with other Religious, Agricultural, and Literary Publications, for very liberal terms. By this arrangement two papers can be taken for about the cost of one.

EXAMINE FOR YOURSELVES.

Good Clippings wanted everywhere, and will be paid.

TERMS: \$2.50 a year, in advance. (Postage on Pictures, 10 cents additional.)
GEO. B. CROOKS, D. D., Editors.
ARIEL STEVENS, LL. D., Publisher.
114 Nassau street, N. Y.

A GREAT OFFER.

HORACE WATERS, 481 BROADWAY, N. Y., will dispose of One Hundred PIANOS, MELODEONS, and ORGANS of different makes including Waters, at extremely low prices for cash, or will take from \$4 to \$15 monthly until paid; the same to let, and rent applied if purchased. New-Style Pianos, modern improvements, for \$275, cash. New-Style, a CONCERTO PARLOR ORGAN, the most beautiful style and perfect tone ever made. Sheet Music, Music Books, and Music Merchandise. Catalogue mailed.

New York.

THIRD THOUSAND.

BARRIERS BURNED AWAY.

By R. F. ROE.
1 Handsome Volume, \$1.75.

The first edition of this popular story, which has been appearing in "The N. Y. Evangelist," was exhausted on the day of publication, and orders are accumulating for a New Edition which will be ready on Wednesday, the 10th inst. Those desiring copies will do well to apply at once to the publishers, or send \$1.75 on receipt of which it will be mailed, post paid.

DODD & MEAD, Publishers,
752 Broadway, N. Y.

WEBSTER'S

POCKET DICTIONARY
Of the English Language.

Abridged from Webster's Quarto, illustrated with nearly two hundred Engravings on Wood. This volume embraces a careful selection of more than 15,000 of the most important words of the language. The introduction contains, besides the Pictorial Illustration, Tables of Money, Weight and Measure, Abbreviations, Words, Phrases, Proverbs, etc., from the Greek, the Latin, and the Modern Foreign Languages. *Shakespeare's* spelling, etc., etc., making altogether the most complete and useful pocket companion extant. It is beautifully printed on tinted paper, and bound in Morocco, Tucks, gilt edges, \$1.

For sale everywhere. Sent by mail on receipt of the price.

IVISON, BLAKEMAN, TAYLOR & CO.,
PUBLISHERS,
138 and 140 Grand St.
NEW YORK.

B. C. BOCERT.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
FLOUR, FEED,
MEAL AND GRAIN.

Choice Brands of Flour for Family use.
102 Barclay Street,
NEW YORK.

HARNESS!! HARNESS!!

FOR
Trucking, Expressing, Carting, Teaming, Farming, Contractors, Livery Companies, Livery Stables, Coaches, Road Coach Business, and Pleasure Rides.

Blankets.
Fine English Kestrels, Domestic Kestrels, Printed Grades, Heavy Team Blankets, Water-proof Blankets, Road Blankets, and Cheap Stable Blankets.

E. S. OSBORNE,
43 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.
Between Church and College Place.

Try The New Law Bookstore.
J. R. McDIVITT,
LAW BOOKSELLER,
81 NASSAU STREET,
Between Fulton and John.
NEW YORK.

Consistently on hand a full supply of Text Books and Reports, new and second hand, at the very lowest prices for cash. English Law Books furnished at the shortest notice. Also, Law Books bound. Second Hand Law Books Bought, Sold and Exchanged.

HENRY RUSSELL & CO.,

38 PARK PLACE, N. Y.

HOLIDAY GOODS AT RETAIL.

GLASS WARE, KEROSENE LAMPS,
Brackets, Toilet Sets. Russell's XX Oil will not explode. Russell's XX Chimneys warranted to stand intense heat.

Special attention given to furnishing Churches and Dwellings with

CHANDELIERS.
38 PARK PLACE, N. Y.

JOHN A. GILMOUR,

UMBRELLA AND PARASOL
MANUFACTURER,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
226 GREENWICH STREET,
3d door above Barclay,
NEW YORK.

Umbrellas and Parasols Covered and Repaired in the best manner.
nov 16 61

NEWARK.

JAMES MOON,
PRACTICAL HATTER,
485 BROAD STREET,
Masonic Hall Building,
NEWARK, N. J.

The latest Styles of
HATS AND CAPS
Constantly on Hand.

UMBRELLAS
AND
GLOVES.
SILK HATS
Made to order at short notice, and
REMODELLED.
LADIES' FURS OF ALL KINDS.
nov 16 61

BOOTS AND SHOES.

THE BEST ARE THE CHEAPEST.

Exposition Universelle,
PARIS, 1867.

SILVER MEDAL AWARDED.

E. C. BURTS' FINE SHOES,
708

LADIES, MISSES AND CHILDREN,
are well known to be

THE BEST!
ALL WARRANTED.

A Full Run of these Goods is in NEWARK, by
C. GARRAHANT,
The Popular Shoe Dealer,
885 Broad Street,
NEWARK.

NEWARK.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

We offer for HOLIDAY GIFTS as varied an assortment in Staple, Foreign and Domestic Dry and Fancy Goods as any firm in our line; included among which are:

DRESS GOODS,
TANSEL LINENS,
TOWELS,
KIDGLOVES,
BLANKETS,
COMFORTABLES,
COUNTERPANES,
RUBBIES,
HANDKERCHIEFS,
CORSETS,
LADIES' TIES,
POCKET BOOKS,
SCARVES,
CARDINAL JACKETS,
UMBRELLAS.

Underwear for Men, Women and Children.
Hosiery, " " " "

SHAWLS,
CLOAKS,
WATERPROOF CIRCULARS.

HIGGINS & FREEMAN,
2 BROAD ST. N. Y. Depot.

HOLIDAY BARAINS!

MARVIN DODD & CO.
GOOD GOODS!
LARGE ASSORTMENTS. LOWEST PRICES.

CHOICE DRESS GOODS.
Black Silks, \$2.00 to \$3.00.
Black Cashmeres, \$1.25 to \$2.00.
Colored Cashmeres, \$1.00 to \$1.25.
Colored Satines, 60c to 80c.
Empress Cloths, \$2.50.

PAISLEY LONG SHAWLS.
Fine Black Centre, \$30.00 to \$15.00.
Woolen Long Shawls, \$5.00 to \$10.00.
Scottish Long Shawls, \$10.00 to \$15.00.
Reversible Ottoman, \$15.00 to \$20.00.
Heavy Cash Shawls, \$2.50.

CASIMERE, FLANNELS AND BLANKETS.
Bedroom Suits, \$1.50 to \$3.00.
Fancy Cloth Suits, \$1.25 to \$2.50.
Waterproof Cloakings, \$1.00 to \$1.75.
White and Colored Flannels, 25c to \$1.00.
Wool Blankets, \$3.00 to \$12.00.

MERINO UNDERWEAR.
Gents' Merino Vests and Drawers.
Ladies' Merino Vests and Drawers.
Misses' Merino Vests and Drawers.
Children's Merino Vests and Drawers.
Children's Union Suits.

NOVELTIES FOR PRESENTS.
Linen and Lace Sets.
Fancy Ties and Cravats.
Kid Gloves and Handkerchiefs.
Handkerchiefs in Boxes.
French Emb. Sets, &c.

MARVIN DODD & CO.,
677 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.

AT B. MORTON'S

FRENCH ARCADE,
645 BROAD ST., NEWARK, N. J.

You will find, at the Lowest Prices, a full assortment of CROCKERY.

GLASS,
SILVER-PLATED WARE
A CUTLERY.

REMEMBER we are selling at Manufacturers' Prices, to make room for an immense Stock of HOLIDAY GOODS.

Every article at a Bargain, at the FRENCH ARCADE,
645 BROAD STREET. nov 16 61.

P. VAST, M.D.,

FRENCH PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
NO. 36 BANK STREET,
NEWARK, N. J.
Office hours from 8 to 9 A.M.; 1 to 2 P.M. and 7 to 9 P.M.

LANGSTROTH & CRANE,

Manufacturers of a Dealers in
BUILDERS' HARDWARE,
LOCKS, HINGES, SCREWS, NAILS, &c.
Front Door and Parlor Belts neatly hung with or without lining.